

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

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PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS BY
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WASHINGTON'S COAT OF ARMS.

George Washington, the first chief magistrate of the United States, bore arms, a reproduction of which is shown upon the cover of this book. This coat of arms furnished the idea from which the United States flag was designed.

That Washington used a coat of arms refutes the opinion, held by many, that the heraldic idea is inconsistent with republican principles. His own views on the question he states in the following words:

“It is far from my design to intimate an opinion, that Heraldry, Coat-Armor, etc., might not be rendered conducive to public and private use with us; or that they can have any tendency unfriendly to the purest spirit of Republicanism. On the contrary, a different conclusion is deducible from the practice of Congress, and the States; all of which have established some kind of Armorial Devices, to authenticate their official instruments.”



FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIER.

"The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome;
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
But the schoolroom today is Humanity's friend—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend!
'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;
Let the nation stand by the school.
'Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old;
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule."

The first schoolhouses on the outposts of civilization were built of logs, with dirt roofs, split logs for seats, and unplanned boards for desks. The school here illustrated was erected in Kansas about 1865, and was the only schoolhouse within a territory of 31,734 square miles—or 134 square miles more territory than the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and the District of Columbia combined. To maintain a school in this building for three years, taxes were levied and collected over a territory reaching west 175 miles. In the territory that was embraced there are now 2,120 schoolhouses, and more than 80,000 school children. —By courtesy of the Journal of American History.

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Denver, Colorado, February, 1912.

To the Teachers of Colorado:

In the school is found the best soil for planting the seeds of patriotism. The germ of patriotism is in every heart; it requires only years and cultivation to make it burst into a splendid flower. But it must be cultivated in youth; it must be fostered in the hearts of the children; and, to familiarize them with the life-story of the men and events that have entered into the building of our empire, we join in celebrating these birthdays, which bring us face to face with the grand characters that go to make up our history, and in instilling patriotism before childhood becomes maturity.

These are holidays with a purpose; for where we plant the love of patriotism in children's hearts we teach them its beauty and strength, and, when they are men and women, it will lead them to respect the law, love their homes, and revere their country.

Upon the boys and girls of today the fate of tomorrow rests. We hope they may never be called upon to engage in the conflict of war, but they must fight battles as serious, for "peace knows victories no less renowned than war," and each generation must fight its own battles.

In celebrating the birthday of Washington and Lincoln we celebrate more than the day. Behind the image of these great men, who stand apart in history, is the image of a nation.

Fraternally,

Allen Marsh Wilson

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

It was natural that our forefathers should choose Washington's birthday as a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing. It is something to rejoice over that it was done before his ears were deaf to the congratulations of his fellow-citizens who were, during his later years, frequent guests at banquets given in his honor. After the Revolution Washington's birthday took the place of the birthday celebrations that had been held for the crowned heads of Great Britain, and, when independence was established, the day became the most conspicuous in the calendar of America's festive days, and there are records of such celebrations as early as 1782.

In the course of time Washington's birthday was made a legal holiday in one state after another, and today it is legally recognized in every state except Alabama. At the early banquets in honor of the "Father of our Country" it was customary to have as many toasts as there were states in the Union. At first thirteen toasts were responded to, and as new states were admitted there were additional toasts. There is no reliable information as to when this custom was abandoned, but no doubt the rapid adding of states soon made it impossible.

During the past quarter of a century Washington has taken his proper place in history as a soldier and statesman. We love him as a man, and our celebration of the birthday of the first and most illustrious of Americans is an event to be looked forward to, an event to inspire our patriotism. May it ever be remembered while American hearts beat! May it ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved and to which he devoted his life!

A TOAST.

At a great banquet which was given in Paris, the British ambassador proposed the following toast: "Great Britain, the golden sun whose beams enlighten all the



"O noble brow, so wise in thought!
O heart so true! O soul unbought!
O eye, so keen to pierce the night
And guide the 'ship of state' aright!
O life so simple, grand, and free,
The humblest may turn to thee!
O king uncrowned! O prince of men!
When shall we see thy like again?"

nations." He was followed by a French minister, who, not to be outdone, proposed the following: "France, the silver moon whose radiance illumines and cheers the darkness of the world." And then Franklin arose and offered this sentiment: "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they both obeyed him."

WASHINGTON MONTH.

"February, February,
How your moods and actions vary,
Or to seek or shun!
Now a smile of sunlight lifting;
Now in chilly snowflakes drifting;
Now with icy shuttles creeping
Silver webs are spun.
Now, with leaden torrents leaping,
Oceanward you run;
Now with bells you blithely sing
'Neath the stars or sun;
Now a blade of burdock bring
To the suff'ring one.
February, you are very
Dear, when all is done.
Many blessings rest above you;
You one day (and so we love you)
Gave us Washington." —*Will Carleton.*

Posterity will forever associate the name of Washington, the founder, with those of Lincoln, the preserver, and Grant, the defender of the federal Union—the three greatest Americans, who gave to our people nationality, liberty, equality and fraternity.

1776-1912.

One hundred and thirty-six years ago two great things were born. One was a new Republic. The other was a new political Principle. The new Principle declared, in

express terms, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that men are endowed with inalienable rights—the right to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness; and that these rights are possessed in equal measure by all mankind. The new Republic rested its title to existence on this new Principle; and backed it with blood and iron, with powder and gold.

The Republic was laughed at as the invention of dissatisfied rebels. The Principle was sneered at as the mouthings of self-communing doctrinaires. But if time be the test of human wisdom, there was more useful gray matter collected in that old convention hall than in all the parliaments and courts of the world.

The Republic has grown from a struggling confederacy, scattered along the Atlantic coast, to a continental nation; whose flag floats over a region nearly as large as Europe, and surely no whit less in productive capacity. From 3,000,000 of people, it has grown to 90,000,000. It has stood the test of foreign wars, and the far harder test of the most gigantic civil war of modern times. It has stood the test of constant absorption of alien populations, the test of constantly expanding territory, the test of magically increasing wealth. And, in spite of vagaries and absurdities at the fringes, it has remained sound and patriotic at the core.

The Principle has endured as severe a trial. It sufficed to check the schemes of banded oligarchs, who repented of the generous enthusiasm of those days. It has been the ideal on which the Republic has fixed its eyes. It has been the standard toward which the changing institutions of that Republic have leaned. It has been a living faith that beat down slavery in the Republic; a torch whose sparks started an explosion in the powder vaults of Europe whose echoes are with us yet. For more than a hundred years, wherever men have arisen against

oppression, they have proclaimed that Principle, and they have pointed to the example of that Republic. * * *

One hundred and thirty-six years! Not many kingdoms have stood so long. The German empire, that imperial tomb in which are buried the hopes of generations of republican German dreamers, is but forty years old. The Hapsburgs are an ancient house; but their empire has been twice remodeled since Washington died. The kingdom of Italy, the present kingdom of Spain, the Scandinavian states, the Balkan states, Belgium, the Portuguese republic, and the whole western continent are juniors, politically, to the Republic whose birth we celebrate. Holland has seen her olden republic crushed, reorganized, absorbed in the Napoleonic empire, and restored as a kingdom. Japan has ended her Shogunate and adapted her theocratic state, with the mikado for its head, to the needs of modern life. England has known no violent changes; Russia, in spite of violence, is eternal as ever; China's adoption of a constitution has been hardly changed enough to break the continuity of her government. But there are not in the world today a half-dozen really important governments with as long an unbroken line behind them as our own. One hundred and thirty-six years of independence, in which the supreme authority has been expressly vested in the people. One hundred and twenty-two years of exercising that authority in one and the same way through one and the same constitution.

It is a big, fine, noble record. Not without flaws, not without blunders, not without inconsistencies, not wholly without crimes. But a record, in the main, which will tax our energies to equal, and which has been surpassed nowhere on earth. If our children have as good reason to be proud of their ancestors as we have to be proud of ours, we shall have done pretty well.—George L. Knapp.

FOR A LITTLE PUPIL.

"Napoleon was great, I know,
And Julius Caesar and all the rest;
But they didn't belong to us, and so
I like George Washington the best." —*Anonymous.*

A WORD FROM GOVERNOR SHAFROTH.

A new doctrine was given to the world in 1776. Something unheard of before that time. We call the war of that day our Revolutionary War, not because one army conquered another, but owing to the fact that there was a revolution in government for which the Declaration of Independence stands. It was not simply a change from one ruler to another, but a change of fundamental principles on which society is based. Before that all had been monarchies, with the power invested in the king by divine right, so they said. He could do no wrong, the people were told; his decisions were infallible.

The people who came to the colonies began to reason why one man should have such power, and at last they promulgated the greatest document ever penned by man, which stated to the world that all men are created equal before the law, with man entitled to the inalienable right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

That document has had an influence on every nation, modifying all governments to some extent, and advancing the rights of the people. Representative government is the expression of people, because governments are made for the people.

There often come times when legislatures do not represent the people, thwarting measures which they wish passed, and in other ways interfering with just government. By the Declaration of Independence the rights of legislative assemblies are derived from the people, and in the next decade it must be the duty of our voters to see that the principle as there outlined is not violated.

THE PURITAN FOREFATHER.

He dwelt within a charmed space,
With Infinite mercies girt around;
By Conscience held fast to that place
Where he a simple duty found.

What, though it were both rough and steep—
A rugged road—the path he trod;
There Faith was strong his steps to keep;
His hand was in the hand of God.

His was the life that slopes
As fields that border on the sea;
Its margin lighted with the hopes
Of blessed Immortality.

His world was small, but yet how wide
The prospect from its pleasant shore!
He saw upon the farther side
Bright-visaged angels beckoning o'er.

Of toil he bore a manly share;
He took a hero's part in strife;
The struggle made that soul more fair,
The world was richer for that life.

—Isaac Bassett Choate.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

At one time, as Washington entered a shop in New York, a Scotch nursemaid followed him, carrying her infant charge. "Please, sir, here's a bairn was named after you."

"What is his name?" asked the President.

"Washington Irving, sir."

Washington put his hand upon the child's head and gave him his blessing, little thinking that "the bairn" would write, as a labor of love, a life of Washington.

A man, who, well for himself, is nameless, made a wager with some friends that he could approach Washington familiarly.

The President was walking up Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, when the would-be wag, in full view of his

companions, slapped him on the back and said: "Well, old fellow, how are you this morning?" Washington looked at him and, in a freezing tone, asked: "Sir, what have I ever said or done which induces you to treat me in this manner?"

Washington was trained in the great school of frontier life. He excelled as hunter and woodsman, and was so swift of foot that he could climb steep mountains without apparent effort. One day, while sitting under a tree reading, the great wrestler of Virginia challenged him with the taunt that he feared he would be thrown. With that Washington closed his book, with the observation that fear did not enter his make-up, and, without taking off his coat, grappled with the champion and hurled him to the ground. The vanquished champion said: "In Washington's lion-like grasp I became powerless, and went down with a force that seemed to jar my bones."

Washington returned quietly to his book and the shade of the tree.

Washington's power was chiefly in his limbs. His frame was of equal breadth from shoulder to hip, and there was a wonderful development of bone and muscle, his joints and feet being large, while of his hand Lafayette said in astonishment: "I never saw any human being with so large a hand as the General's."

Washington's relations with his stepchildren show a very pleasant side of his character. We find him ordering from London such articles as "10 shillings' worth of toys, 6 little books for children beginning to read, 1 fashionable-dressed baby to cost 10 shillings, and a box of gingerbread toys and sugar images or comfits." Later he sent for "1 very good spinet," for Patsey, as Martha Parke Custis was called.

One of the characteristics of a truly great man is his readiness to ask pardon. Once when Nellie Custis, Mrs.

Washington's granddaughter, was severely reprimanded for walking alone by moonlight in the grounds of Mount Vernon, Washington tried hard to intercede for the girl.

"Perhaps she was not alone; I would say no more," he said.

"Sir," said Nellie Custis; "you have brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told grandmama that I was alone, I hoped that you would believe me."

"My child," said Washington, bowing in his courtly fashion, "I beg your pardon."

Although always very particular about his dress, Washington was no dandy, as some have supposed.

"Do not," he wrote to his nephew in 1783, "conceive that fine feathers make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace or embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

"When independence had been secured, and events were happening in France and in Europe which might well have centered the attention of the country on different questions, the news having come of Washington's death, the French Republic went into mourning, all the officers of the army wore crape, and flags were flown at half-mast. Such a token of mourning and admiration had never been given anywhere else at any previous time, nor has it ever been given since."

Once Washington was visited by an old sachem, who approached him with great reverence, and addressed him through Nicholson, the interpreter. He had come, he said, a great distance to see him. On further discourse, the sachem made known that he was one of the warriors in the service of the French who lay in ambush on the banks of the Monongahela, and wrought such havoc to Braddock's army. He declared that he and his young men had singled out Washington, as he made himself conspicuous riding about the field of battle with the Gen-

eral's orders, and fired at him repeatedly, but without success; whence they concluded that he was under the protection of the Great Spirit; that he had a charmed life, and could not be slain in battle.

Washington himself thus wrote to his brother: "By all the powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability and expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side."

WASHINGTON.

Let those who will their pages fill
With fine-phrased lore and story.
Let wise tongues prate the nation's fate
Without this Founder's glory.
With finished honors laud who can;
I sing my song for an honest Man.

Let those who write in figure trite
Pay tribute warm and tender;
Let sages tell what woes befell
Our nation's first defender.
Then show how well his race he ran;
I sing my song for a fighting Man.

Let poets' lays with depth of praise
Delight to boast his daring;
Let men of speech from platform preach
The load his heart was bearing.
Let scholars trace his life's full span;
I sing my song for a human Man.

Today a need, where wrong and greed
Have sapped the nation's living,
Is men grown strong who dare to long
To be best known for giving.
Today look back where growth began,
And sing with me for a God-made Man.

—*Roscoe Gilmore Stott in Leslie's.*

AMERICA—A NEW NATIONAL SONG.

America, my own!

Thy spacious grandeurs rise,
Fanning the proudest zone,
Pavilioned by the skies;
Day's flying glory breaks
Thy vales and mountains o'er,
And gild thy streams and lakes
From ocean shore to shore.

Praised be thy wood and wold,
Thy corn, and wine and flocks,
The yellow blood of gold
Drained from thy canon rocks;
Thy trains that shake the land,
Thy ships that plow the main;
Triumphant cities grand,
Roaring with the noise of gain.

Earth's races look to thee;
The peoples of the world
Thy risen splendor see
And thy wide flag unfurled;
Thy sons, in peace or war,
That emblem who behold,
Bless every shining star,
Cheer every streaming fold.

Float high, O gallant flag,
O'er Carib Isles of palm,
O'er bleak Alaskan crag,
O'er far-off, lone Guam;
Where Manna Loa pours
Black thunder from the deeps;
O'er Mindanao's shores,
O'er Luzon's coral steeps!

Float high, and be the sign
Of love and brotherhood—
The pledge, by right divine,
Of power to do good;
For aye and everywhere,
On continent and wave,
Armipotent to dare,

Imperial to save! —*William Henry Venable.*
(*Permission Journal of American History.*)

On the pediment of Story's noble statue of John Marshall, at the foot of the National Capitol at Washington, is a beautiful bas-relief representing Victory leading Young America to swear eternal fidelity to the altar of that Union which Washington founded, which Webster championed, and which has been cemented by the heart's blood of a million patriot martyrs. That sculptured allegory represents the scenes in thousands of schools and churches and vast assemblies throughout our land today, where, amid a forest of flags, and with hearts made jubilant with patriotic song, American youth are pledging their young fidelity and enthusiasm to that nation which was born when Washington was inaugurated.

WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

Since ancient time began,

Ever on some great soul God laid an infinite burden—
The weight of all this world, the hopes of man,
Conflict and pain, and fame immortal are his guerdon!

And this the unfaltering token

Of him, the Deliverer—what though tempests beat,
Though all else fail, though bravest ranks be broken,
He stands unscared alone, nor ever knows defeat.

Such was that man of men;

And if are praised all virtues, every fame
Most noble, highest, purest—then, ah! then,
Upleaps in every heart the name none needs to name.

Ye who defeated, 'whelmed,

Betray the sacred cause, let go the trust;
Sleep, weary, while the vessel drifts unhelmed;
Here see in triumph rise the hero from the dust!

All ye who fight forlorn

'Gainst Fate and Failure; ye who proudly cope
With evil high enthroned; all ye who scorn
Life from Dishonor's hand, here take new heart of hope.

Here know how Victory borrows;
For the brave soul a front as of disaster,
And in the bannered East what glorious morrows
For all the blackness of the night speed surer, faster.

Know by this pillared sign
For what brief by the powers of earth and hell
Can war against the spirit of truth divine,
Or can against the heroic heart of man prevail.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

(Permission Journal of American History.)

CHAMPION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN AMERICA.

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay as they rolled that day
When the "Mayflower" moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride,
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening Sun as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.



SILHOUETTE OF WASHINGTON.

Original profile of George Washington, treasured for many years in a private collection in Boston. On the back is this inscription: "The within are profiles of General and Mrs. Washington taken from their shadows on the wall. They are as perfect likenesses as profiles can give. Presented to me by my friend, Mrs. Eleanor P. Lewis, at Woodlawn, July, 1832." Signed Elizabeth Boardley Gibson. Mrs. Lewis was a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.—By permission of Journal of American History.



SILHOUETTE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Silhouette of Martha Washington, which was presented to her granddaughter and is still well preserved. .Originals now deposited in the Everett School in Boston, Massachusetts, having been presented by Edward Shippen, on November 22, 1866, then president of the Board of Control of the Schools of Philadelphia.—By permission of Journal of American History.

Let a man fasten himself to some great idea, some large truth, some noble cause, even in the affairs of this world, and it will send him forward with energy, with steadfastness, with confidence. This is what Emerson meant when he said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." These are the potent, the commanding, the enduring men—in our own history, men like Washington and Lincoln. They may fall, they may be defeated, they may perish; but onward moves the cause, and their souls go marching on with it, for they are part of it, they have believed in it.—Henry Van Dyke.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night;
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the "Mayflower" lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

—*John Pierpont.*

"Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women, with her race.

Land of our Birth, our Faith and Pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand the years to be."

A RALLY.

Little folks, come marching forth;
Little feet, keep time,
In the East and West and North
And the Southern clime!
Lay your lesson books away,
Leave your sums undone!
We must celebrate today
Brave George Washington.



WASHINGTON'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS MOTHER.

Original now in the collection of J. M. Crampton. Permission Journal of American History.

Little yet you understand
All his worth and truth;
Only know he saved the land,
Faithful from his youth.

—*Youth's Companion.*

TOAST TO THE FLAG.

Your Flag, and my Flag!
And here it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away.
Rose-red and blood-red,
Its stripes forever gleam;
Soul-white and snow-white,
The good forefathers' dream.
Sky-blue and true blue,
With stars to gleam aright,
A gloried guidon in the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your Flag, and my Flag!
And oh, how much it holds!
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds.
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
The red and blue and white.
The one Flag, the great Flag,
The Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside,
The Red and White and Blue.—*W. B. Nesbit.*

FROM "WASHINGTON'S VOW."

Read at the Dedication of the Washington Arch, at New
York City, 1889.

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law?

That pledge the heavens above him heard;
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder, listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

* * * * *

Thank God! The people's choice was just!
The one man equal to his trust.
Wise without lore, and, without weakness, good;
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude.

* * * * *

Our First and Best—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginia sky.
Forgive, forget, oh! true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave.

* * * * *

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge, a century old!

—J. G. Whittier.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

(SCENE: TWO LITTLE GIRLS PLAYING HOUSE.)

ALICE

(Stopping in her play)

I am very tired of playing;
Ain't you, Nellie? Let us go
And ask grandma for a story
Of what happened long ago.

Grandma tells the nicest stories
Of the times when she was young—
All about the things she played with,
And the little songs she sung.

To her dolls, when they were sleepy
And she tucked them in their bed.
Once she had a little bureau,
That her father painted red.

NELLIE.

O, I think that will be lovely;
I like stories that are true.
How I wish I had a grandma,
Who would tell me stories, too!

(They go off the platform together.)

(In the next scene, a large girl represents the grandma. She should wear a cap, spectacles, etc. She sits in an armchair, knitting in hand, with the two children near her. Throughout the story they should listen with intense interest.)

GRANDMA.

When I heard the drums this morning,
Saw the soldiers dressed in blue,
I could not help thinking, children,
Of the times that once I knew.

Long ago, in our own country,
In the Southland bright and fair,
Where the summer stays forever,
And the flowers bloom everywhere.

Once a dreadful war was going
On between the South and North;
And the men and boys by thousands
From their homes were going forth—

Leaving all the friends who loved them,
For the dangers of the fight;
Trusting in the God above them,
As they fought for home and right.

But at last the war was ended;
Home the soldiers marched again,
Leaving in the graves behind them
Many of their bravest men.

But they never could forget them;
So, each Decoration Day,
To the graves of the dead soldiers,
They have brought the flowers of May.

—Teacher's Program.

WHAT MY GRANDPA SAID.

(RECITATION FOR A BOY CARRYING A FLAG.)

This is my country's flag;
I love each snowy star
Set in its azure corner space,
Each white and crimson bar.

I'd love to see it float
Above a battlefield.
I'd fight for it until I died,
And never, never yield.

I told my grandpa so.
He smiled and stroked my head.
"You can defend the flag today,"
That's what my grandpa said.

He said that to fight in war-time
Was not the only way
To serve the country that we love;
We can serve her every day.

He said that every wrong thing done
Was weakening our land;
Unless the evils are put down,
Our country may not stand.

He talked of Greece and Egypt
And Rome and Babylon,
And how, because they were not good
Their mighty power is gone.

"A boy who loves his flag," he said,
"Will battle for the right.
A boy can serve our country,
Being good with all his might."

He said that the dearest country,
And the best the sun shines on,
Should have the best and bravest boys
To put the wrong things down.

I mean to always think of this,
When I see our banner bright;
We boys may serve our country well
By trying to do right.

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the many still are one.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

TO MY FRIEND.

Come, tell me thy joy in all that Life hath brought
Of peace and love and happiness to thee.
And thou shalt find it all again in me
Reflected; or if Misfortune's hand hath wrought
Distress and loss on thee, my purse hath naught
Of purpose save thine aid; or if it be
That Sorrow hath come, then let me weep with thee;
My tears are thine long ere they have been sought.
Or should'st thou stand accused before all men,
Thy tongue alone shall tell me of thy guilt,
Or I will hold thee blameless to the end.
E'en should'st thou fall, to help thee rise again
My hand outstretched thou'lt find if but thou wilt,
This will I do and more: Thou art my friend!

TO MY FOE.

When I remember that within me lies
As much of human frailty as in thee;
That thou, too feel'st a hurt because of me,
My soul above its rancor fain would rise.
I would that I might see with clearer eyes,
Or, better still, with thine, if it might be
That thou through mine our difference could'st see;
The right such vision then must recognize!
But if, despite my earnest will to love
Instead of hate thee, I my quarrel find
Too just in my esteem, then prithee know:
Still one restraining thought all else above
I will not cease to keep in heart and mind—
Thou art my fellow-man, although my foe!

—*Alice Stead Binney.*

(*Permission Journal of American History.*)

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so established—can long endure.

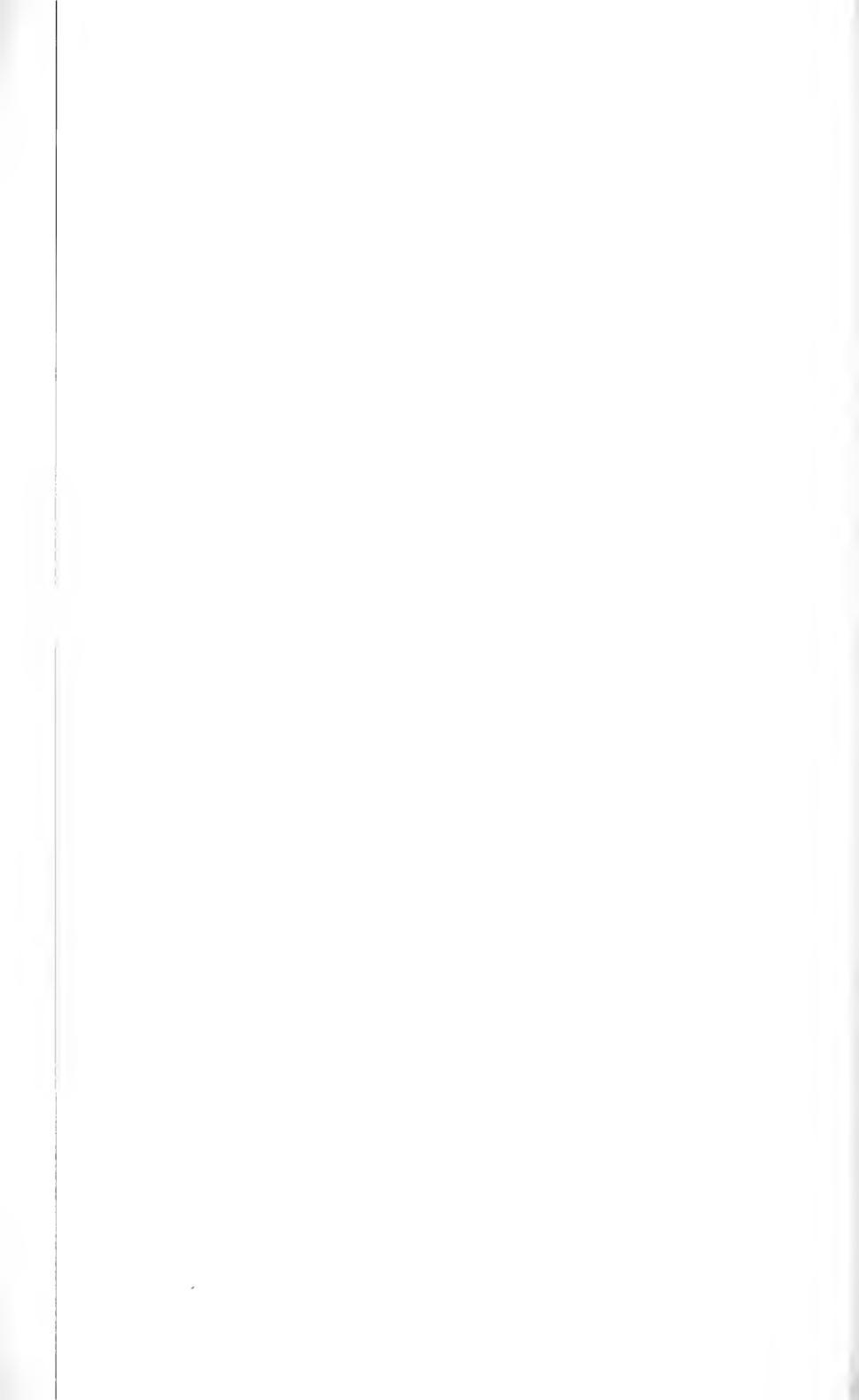
We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add to or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from those honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE GREAT AMERICAN COMMONER—LINCOLN.

That Lincoln was a self-made man we have always accepted with keen pleasure, for we like to think that this great American, unschooled and unpretentious, rose from obscurity to the highest position in our gift. Unschooled



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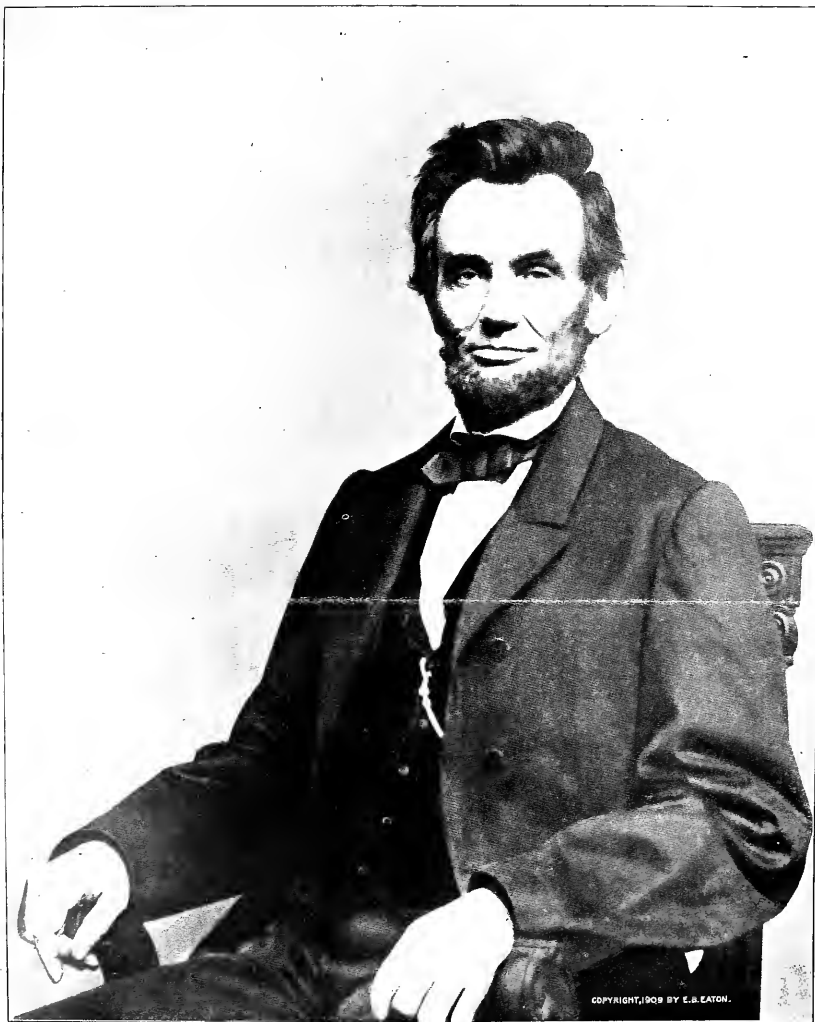
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PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN 1865.

he was, but not uneducated. Unpretentious as he was and bred to hardship as were his father and mother, we may say of him that he became the leader of the people through the supreme power of his personality.

In studying the history of Lincoln, we find that his ancestry can be traced back through eleven generations, but whether the Lincolns were of Norman or Saxon blood is unknown. One of the earliest of the family bore the Saxon name of Alfred, but it is certain that there was Norman blood by intermarriage, and as this same Alfred was a large landowner, which was not usual with Saxons in the early years after the conquest of England, it is not unlikely that he was of the conquerors.

From the day of Alfred de Lincoln, who lived in 1086, the Lincolns are easily traced, Hingham, Swanton, Morley, Carbrooke and Norwich being the homes of the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln.

Samuel Lincoln, the immigrant son of Edward Lincoln, came to America in 1637. He was eighteen at the time, and had been apprenticed to learn the weaver's trade, being bound to one Francis Lawes of Norwich. It was with him that Samuel came to America and settled in Hingham. He founded the family that was destined to give to America its greatest Commoner, and one of her two greatest presidents.

Captain Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the president, fought in the Revolutionary War, but near its close sold his Virginia land and made his way over the mountains into the new and untried Territory of Kentucky. His farm was on the line between LaRue and Hardin Counties, and it is there that the Lincoln Farm Association dedicated a memorial shrine May 30, 1911.

When the great Commoner was four years old, the family moved to another location in Kentucky, and in 1816 they crossed into Indiana, where the mother, Nancy Lincoln, died, and later the faithful stepmother, Sarah Bush Johnston, took up the burden that had slipped from her tired shoulders.

The Lincolns were a God-fearing people, Thomas Lincoln being a consistent Baptist; but, owing to the isolation of the little family, a year passed before a funeral service was held in memory of the mother who had passed away; then a pathetic appeal from the little son, to whom her memory was always sacred, brought Rev. David Elkins a distance of a hundred miles to hold services over Nancy Lincoln's grave.

When Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one, the family established themselves in a home in Illinois, settling at Goose Neck Prairie, where in 1851 Thomas Lincoln, then seventy-three, died.

Just as we think of Lincoln as unlettered, we think of his mother, Nancy Hanks, as a brave pioneer spirit. We like to picture her girlhood, and later her marriage to the strong frontiersman, and then her falling to sleep, weary of life and its ceaseless grind. But Nancy Hanks sprang from a family of English gentry, and her immediate ancestors were pilgrims and pioneers, "wayfarers for liberty," as were those of Lincoln, who himself was a patient pilgrim; and to his mother he no doubt owed much of the patient strength that made possible his long struggle. Among his progenitors there were men and women of splendid valor, who dared the dangers of sea and unknown forest for the sake of principle; and the true history of Lincoln's ancestry is one of gentle English blood, of hardy American pioneers, and of men and women who lived their lives simply and bravely, bequeathing to him the tranquil courage that faces death, but never surrenders. He was a man of the people, proving his love for his fellow-men and his country by wearing the martyr's crown that we might be preserved a nation.

VISIONS OF LINCOLN.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
And before me straightway rose
An ungainly, awkward woodsman,
Clad in common working-clothes.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
And behold! a pageant fair
Streamed across a stately city,
And a President was there.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
And before my vision rolled
Scenes of blood and awful battles
That on History's page are told.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
And I saw a music hall,
Decked with flags and dense with people,
And a man the marked of all.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
Hark! Was that a pistol shot?
Did I see upon the carpet
Stains of blood, or but a blot?

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
Tolling bells rang in my ear,
And I saw a mourning nation,
Following a black-palled bier.

Someone spoke the name of Lincoln—
Rifted were the rifted skies,
And I saw a crowned immortal
In the place called Paradise.

—*Susie M. Best.*

LINCOLN'S PROMISE.

Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as a reason for the reproof: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I mean no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it."

“There is a difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement,” insisted the friend.

“But a promise is a promise forever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding,” replied Mr. Lincoln.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Threatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grove's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. And so he came

From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forever he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with a mighty heart;
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

BEECHER ON LINCOLN.

Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem. Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty.—Henry Ward Beecher (on the death of Lincoln).

LINCOLN.

I grew to manhood in the mid-period of the Republic. The keynote of the popular aspiration was love for the Union. It was intense, overmastering, all-persuasive. The merest handful at the North, scarcely more than a group at the South, ventured a discord. But when the final trial came, the one American who held to the keynote was Abraham Lincoln. He could not be diverted from it. He stood, Doric, the embodiment of the Union.

God rules the world, the winds and the waves. He raises mortals to the skies and He casts them down beneath the surface of the earth. In Abraham Lincoln He

gave us a symbol of American liberty and a type of American manhood which might be marked and known of all men and seen from afar; gnarled of bark, fine of grain, of fiber solid and of texture rare; adapted to all uses and capable of exquisite polish. In his career we may learn what an American partisan ought to be as distinguished from what he ought not to be. We only need to read the documentary history of his administration to discover that he was not merely in intellect the foremost man of his time, but that in character he ranks with the few great men of all time. In collision with him the rest appear but as pasteboard men. He grows in length, breadth and thickness the longer we survey him.

True to his ideals, he never missed the one of the moment; though facing a constant stress of weather, sorely tried from hour to hour, he never lost his balance or tore a passion to tatters. He was the genius of common sense, the soul of common honesty. Knowing the people, he put his hand to the pulse of the nation, judged its distemper, and was ready with a remedy. I have said that he was a Republican partisan. In point of fact, he was an old-conscience Whig, commissioned by God to steer the bark of the Union through the two extremes and to rescue it from shipwreck. He was an anti-slavery man; but he was never an abolitionist. He became a war commander; but he still stood in awe of the Constitution and his oath as a magistrate. His one aim, his single purpose, was to save the Union, with or without slavery. * * *

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic

figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God; for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone. And as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.—Henry Watterson.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men,
As might some prophet of the elder day,
Brooding above the tempest and the fray,
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken;
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength: his pure and mighty heart.

—*Richard W. Gilder.*

"He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command."

A LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

Congress has passed a bill providing for the creation of a memorial to Abraham Lincoln, carrying an appropriation of \$2,000,000.

There is no adequate memorial to the greatest of Americans, and now tardy justice is to be done and an

ample memorial erected in memory of the man who typifies the highest Americanism.

There are three propositions, not before Congress alone, but before the country at large. One concerns the building of a hall of fame, opening a vista from the Capitol to the Potomac, ending in a bridge spanning the river and connecting the city with Arlington. This was the plan of Olmsted, Saint Gaudens, McKim and Burnham.

The second proposition includes a vast memorial to be erected between the Union Station and the National Capitol, in the form of a triumphant arch or temple, designed in harmony with the stately buildings already erected, and in view of the entire city and every person entering it.

The third idea advanced arranges for a memorial highway from Washington to Gettysburg. Heretofore committees appointed by Congress have acted independently of the people, erected statues and monuments measured by their own conceptions of art. But the nation's wide and growing appreciation of Lincoln's greatness has caused the committee to make the suggestion that the country at large—the states, boards of trade of the various cities, and all organizations interested—submit designs to the committee.

This also includes the women of the country, in their federated societies of every name, and it is peculiarly fitting that the Woman's Club of Denver, so active in all patriotic and uplift movements; the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Woman's Auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Mothers' Congress, should unite in this with the Chamber of Commerce.

The women of Denver, led by Mrs. James B. Belford, have declared themselves in favor of a great Atlantic-to-Pacific highway, and the following resolutions were drafted by a committee appointed by the Woman's Club of Denver.

“Whereas, The superb project of an Atlantic-to-Pacific highway is to be brought before Congress for endorsement; and,

“Whereas, There exists no adequate memorial to Lincoln, because no tablet of bronze nor statue of stone, however great, could fitly interpret that tender and luminous soul, that heroic and self-sacrificing life; and,

“Whereas, The name that shall be given this great highway that is to bind and bless with a more perfect comprehension the people of all sections of our land will surely achieve an immortal significance; therefore be it

“Resolved, That this artery of the national life be named The Lincoln Memorial Highway; and be it further

“Resolved, That, inasmuch as a Colorado woman conceived the idea of making Lincoln’s birthday a legal holiday, and Colorado was the first state to enact this idea into law, this request be made in the name of the women of Colorado, who urge this consecration of the new highway, because they believe that the life and spirit of Lincoln are the inspiration and upbuilder of character in the citizenship of the United States to a supreme degree; and they are so convinced that this mission will be better fulfilled by this national memorial than by any other method yet devised to immortalize his name; and be it further

“Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to all national and state conventions meeting within the borders of this commonwealth, and also to the convention of all state and national civic and patriotic orders meeting anywhere in the United States, to the end that the enthusiasm now existing among Colorado women for this plan may be imparted to the country, in order that the Congress of the United States may be inspired to honor this nation by naming one of its greatest constructive undertakings for the friend of men, the lover of the race, Abraham Lincoln.”

Let the school children of Colorado help in erecting a fitting memorial to the man who said at Gettysburg:

“It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great work remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people and for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth.”

Let Colorado make the best suggestion as to what the Lincoln memorial shall be, and let the children have a voice and an interest in the memorial to the leader who died that the Union might be preserved.

WHY IT SHOULD BE CALLED THE “LINCOLN MEMORIAL HIGHWAY.”

Mr. Lincoln, more than any President the nation ever had, was preeminently the man of the people.

The road, as contemplated, will be built mainly by the government, assisted by the states, and will be named conspicuously to differentiate it from all collateral roads.

While Congress will, in any event, use the sum appropriated—two millions of dollars—to build an adequate memorial for Mr. Lincoln in the city of Washington, the naming of the continental road from Atlantic to Pacific will not interfere in any way with the scheme of Congress, and will serve in a larger and grander sense to perpetuate Mr. Lincoln’s memory in the hearts of all the people.

Washington city, as the capital of the nation, is located close to the Atlantic seaboard, and all the monuments and statues are therefore localized, to the great disadvantage of the South and West.

This road, named for Mr. Lincoln, with branch roads running to it from north and south, will have a commercial value, while the naming of it for the martyred President will give to it a sentimental value beyond our power to estimate. It will be a highway for the whole nation.

It will link the states in one common bond of reverence and patriotism.

The rich will traverse it with their autos from coast to coast, and may be led to think, in their journey of luxury, of the man who, in sixty-one, crossed the states and quietly entered Washington to take his place as preserver of the Republic—and to make this highway possible.

The politician who travels it will remember Lincoln's honesty and integrity and fine example.

The barefoot boy, with a wonder in his heart as to what he can do with his life, as he walks the road, will think with high courage of that other barefoot boy by the name of Abraham who walked the prairie's roads to find work, or trudged from one county to another to borrow a book to read.

The little chaps will be told of the child Lincoln, who plodded over stones and stubbles for miles, with a tear-drenched face, to find a preacher who would preach a sermon for his dead mother.

The tramp and his fellows, in search of a meal or work, will forget their weariness when they think that the man Lincoln knew what it meant to be "down and out," and they will hold their beads a little higher, remembering his hard climb before success came to him, and also his great heart that beat with sympathy for the "down and out."

This highway, named for Lincoln, will perpetually teach patriotism, and plead for peace and progress and national unity to the end of time.

No other name than Lincoln's can suggest all this.

—*Mrs. James B. Belford.*

HOW FEBRUARY 12 BECAME A STATE HOLIDAY.

To Mrs. W. S. Peabody, of Denver, belongs the distinction of securing the passage of the bill making the birthday of Lincoln—February 12—a state holiday. This

measure carried as an amendment to the holiday bill which made western holidays uniform.

It was particularly fitting that Mrs. Peabody should be instrumental in putting through such a bill, for few women have as thorough an acquaintance with the tragic history centering about February 12. One of the most valuable collections of Lincoln data in the United States is owned by Mrs. Peabody. She began when a young girl to make the collection, and it now consists of books, clippings, pictures, and relics of priceless value. These she has studied with the interest and intelligence that she always brings to bear upon anything with which she concerns herself, for Mrs. Peabody is never superficial; and when her interest is roused for any measure which is for the common good, she is its valued friend.

CROWNING LINCOLN.

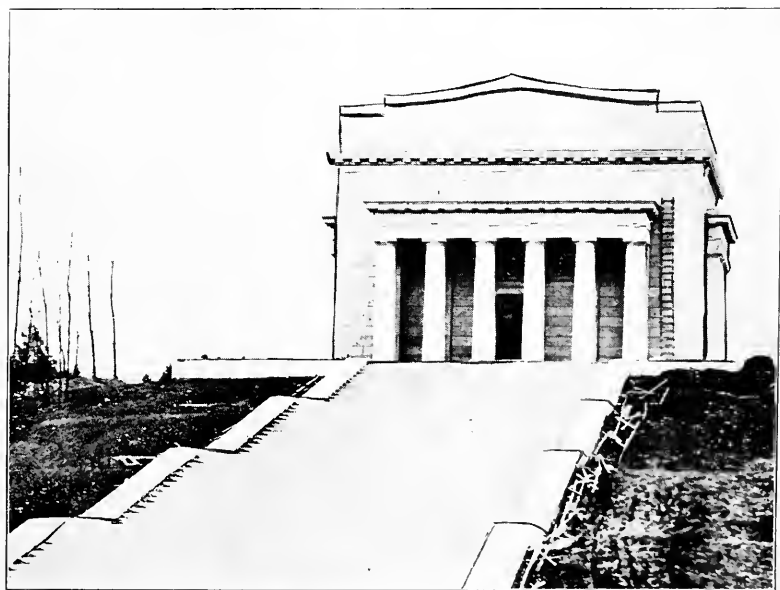
(Four pupils march in singing the following words to air "America":)

We march with hearts so true,
Our tributes we renew
To heroes dear;
Their lives we emulate,
We crown them good and great,
Each year we celebrate
Their lives so dear.

(A pupil with a wreath of evergreens steps forward to the picture or bust of Lincoln.)

O Lincoln, great, and wise, and good!
Our gratitude to thee is due;
A man beloved and understood;
So just, so loyal, and so true!

Struggling, striving, pushing onward,
Ever doing what seemed best;
Guarding, guiding, planning union,
Peace, and love, and rest.



THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN, IN LA RUE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, AND THE MEMORIAL BUILT AROUND IT BY THOUSANDS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO A MEMORIAL FUND.—Kindness of The Denver Post.

So now our Lincoln I would crown
With evergreens so fair;
And may his name forever live,
Our love for him declare.

(All, with school, repeat:)

And ever anew our hearts shall love
His glorious deeds, his life, his name;
And ever anew our voices sing
In loyal praise our hero's fame.

—*The Progressive Teacher.*

LINCOLN.

From out of the strong, young West he came,
In those warlike days of yore,
When Freedom's cry had reached the sky
And rung from shore to shore.

He knew the world was watching him;
He heard the words of scorn;
He felt the weight of a severed state
By cruel rebellion torn.

By calling on Jehovah,
He seized his mighty pen
And, with a stroke, the chains he broke
From a million bonded men.

He was a dauntless leader,
As among the host he moved,
And he gave his life in the time of strife
To save the cause he loved.

—*Edgar Maclaren Swan.*

IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Hark! Hark! March! March! It is the trumpet's shrill cry,
Calling the sturdy volunteers to their arms;
With patriotism each bosom beats high,
And the air is filled with the war's post-alarms.

Wake! Wake! For the tocsin of war hath sounded;
Resounding it darts to the uttermost North.
A song for the strife already is rounded,
And soldiers to "quick-step" are now marching forth.

From East to West, the North Atlantic along,
Is heard the war-drum's throb and soul-stirring ode;
The war spirit's up; "three-hundred-thousand strong,"
The soldiers are swarming at every cross-road.

Fall in! Fall in! Who here so base as to fly,
While his country and duty so loudly calls?
Her true sons will join in a ringing war-cry,
And gallantly charge on the foe's brazen walls.

Arouse for the conflict! The whole land's ablaze;
The sword's now our weapon instead of the pen.
Call back the pride and glory of Assyrian days,
The honor and valor of God's chosen men!

Haste, youthful volunteer! The mandate obey!—
Yet catch from yon maiden her tearful adieu!
Suppress not that sigh! Gallant soldier, away!
The maiden shall live for her country and you!

And ye who awake not at Freedom's great call
May find with the beasts an inglorious grave;
Men only who dare for their country to fall
Shall sleep 'neath the shaft for the true and the brave.
—*John B. Ketchum.*

“IF I HAD THIS OR THAT—”

When Abraham Lincoln was a lad
And lived in a hut in the wood,
No books, no lamp, no time he had;
And yet it is understood
He trudged many miles to borrow a book.
The light of the flickering fire he took
And studied whenever he could.
And none of his friends ever heard him say,
In a self-excusing and hopeless way:
“If I had this or that, I would.”

When Joan of Arc was a little maid,
Untutored, gentle, good,
And France was conquered and dismayed
By England's masterhood,
She had no wealth nor armament;
Alone, with her faith, the little maid went
And freed her land as she could.

And nobody ever heard her say,
In a listless, longing, empty way:
"If I had this or that, I would."

When young James Watt sat by the fire
And watched the burning wood,
He saw the kettle's lid mount higher,
Observed and understood;
He had no need of a laboratory
To plan the great steam engine's glory;
He used his eyes as he could.
And he never once was heard to say,
In a shiftless, thriftless, futile way:
"If I had this or that, I would."

If now you will read your histories o'er
(As I earnestly think you should),
The fact will impress you more and more,
In the lives of the great and good,
That they were those who never held back
For circumstances or material lack,
But arose and did what they could.
And never a one was heard to say,
In the weak, surrendering, doubting way:
"If I had this or that, I would."

—*Stella George Stern Perry in St. Nicholas.*

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Between the mist and snow he saw the light;
In a wide land, so wide, the Western Star
Was lost in forest, as the people are
Who seek to blaze a pathway for the Right;
There, in the passing of the winter's night,
Vague shadows haunted him, like shapes of war,
When overhanging tempests tried to scar
The tiny hearth that made a beacon bright.

Around him echoed elemental cries
Of aerial Titans struggling in the void;
Baffled and broken, banished, not destroyed;
And taught him, as he brooded, to despise
The baubles of the world—incalculably wise,
Worthy of trust, and not to be decoyed,
Strong Son of Circumstance, his power to rise
Was, like the lark, from marshes to the skies!

—*Marion Muir.*

Remember we are one country now. Dismiss from your minds all sectional feeling, and bring your children up to be, above all, Americans.—R. E. Lee.

AX DRILL—LINCOLN.

(For boys dressed in overalls and coonskin caps, with axes.)

(Tune—"Yankee Doodle.")

"We're like Abe Lincoln was of old,
We all have ' little axes;
We're going to split our father's rails,
To help him pay his taxes.

CHORUS.

Split and splitter, O-O-O!
We'll split the rails so handy,
And make a pile about so high,
All fixed so neat and dandy.

If you have any rails to split,
We'd really like to do it;
We'd make them all so straight and nice
You surely could not rue it.

CHORUS.

But now good-bye, we go to work;
We hear our fathers calling;
And if you listen carefully,
You may hear big trees falling."

CHORUS.

TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN.

His name will ever be in the hearts of the American people, as green, as fresh and as pleasant as is to the eyes the tender grass springing out of the earth after rain.—General Morgan Dix.

In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness.—Phillips Brooks.

Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.—General Sherman.

He wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature.—Carl Schurz.

HONORING LINCOLN.

(Recitation for a tiny boy.)

When all the bands (1) are passing by,
And all the banners (2) wave,
I always think of Lincoln,
The noble and the brave;
And when each year his birthday comes,
Then all we boys (3) turn out,
And cry, "Hurrah for Lincoln,"
And wave our flags (4) and shout.

MOTIONS.

1. Motion of beating drum.
2. Waving motion with right hand.
3. Point to classmates.
4. Same as 2.

—*New Mexico Public School Anniversaries.*

WHAT STATE FLAG MEANS.

Many citizens of Colorado are not aware of the significance of the colors, designs and initial of the new Colorado state flag, which the Sons of Colorado will present to the state. Many inquiries concerning the flag have been made, and for the benefit of those who do not understand its significance the following explanation has been prepared by the Sons of Colorado:

The state flag was adopted by the Eighteenth General Assembly on May 6, 1911. The bill providing for the flag was introduced by the Denver chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the pennant was designed by A. C. Carson, president of the Ohio Society of Colorado.

The flag is composed of one white and two Yale-blue stripes of equal width, running at right angles to the staff, superimposed upon them near the staff end of the

flag being a large red "C," with a gold center. Attached to the flagstaff are two cords of gold and silver interlaced, and attached to these are one silver and one gold tassel. The capital "C" alone has four significations—the entire flag has twelve:

1. The color, red, in Spanish is "Colorado."
2. The letter C stands for Colorado.
3. The letter C stands for Centennial state.
4. The letter C stands for Columbine state.
5. The gold stands for the gold state.
6. The gold stands for Colorado sunshine.
7. The white stands for the silver state.
8. The white stands for Colorado's eternal snow.
9. The blue stands for Colorado's blue sky.
10. The blue, white and gold stand for the columbine, Colorado's state flower.
11. The interlaced cords stand for union and harmony.
12. The whole flag stands for home and commonwealth.

"LO! PEACE STANDS AT THE GATE."

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

The blessed day is dawning
When war and strife shall end;
When all mankind together
Shall dwell as friend with friend.
That happy day, O nations,
Pray God He soon may send!

Too short is life for striving;
True treasure peace shall yield;
Too sacred life for wasting
Upon the battlefield.
How barren are the triumphs
Achieved with sword and shield!

Amid the gloom and darkness
Of ages long ago,
The savage, filled with vengeance,
Struck fiercely blow for blow,
And deemed, in selfish blindness,
Each fellow-man a foe.

But now the light is dawning,
The past is gone for aye;
New lessons man is learning
Of love and peace today.
War, with its thousand horrors,
Must surely pass away.

No longer men are groping
In gloom as black as night;
No longer true the dogma
That might alone makes right;
The shadows lift, the nations
Advance into the light.

No more shall cannon's rattle,
Like earthquake, shake the land;
No more shall mighty armies
Fight madly, hand to hand;
No more shall Death and Ruin
Fly forth at War's command.

The blessed light is dawning.
Oh, may it e'er increase,
And bring that day's glad coming
When war and strife shall cease;
When all mankind together
Shall dwell in perfect peace!

—*Ellwood Roberts.*

(*Permission Journal of American History.*)

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The wars of the past were just wars, and the wounds inflicted in the name of justice have healed. We are now united in the love of progress; we are entering upon an era of peace when war must cease and reason must triumph.

After long years of war must now come world-peace. Our flag must become an ensign of Peace and an emblem of unity with all nations; for "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

"If blood is the price of Liberty,
My Lord, we have paid the bill!"

and today we welcome Peace as a heaven-sent herald of friendship. We have turned to the pursuits of Peace, united into a stronger brotherhood than ever before, and today thousands of our citizens are organized in the cause of world-peace. True patriotism is not to die for our country, but to live for our country, and a new page is being written in American history unspotted by blood, hate or passion.

The idea of international peace is founded upon the brotherhood of man. When it prevails, brother shall no longer lift hand against brother. But the people must be educated into a desire for justice; for it will one day rule the world. Its progress is slow, and there are still millions in this great land of ours that must be educated

and converted, not only to American ideals, but to the ways of Peace.

The founders of our liberties were earnest advocates of Peace. Washington, though his hand had been raised in freedom's cause, said: "My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth." The war-weary heart of General Grant sent up the prayer: "Let us have peace;" the immortal Lincoln, after four years of war and bloodshed, uttered the fervent wish that "the mighty scourge of war might speedily pass away;" and God's angel spoke the sweet words, "Let us have peace!"

PAUSE IN YOUR STRIFES, O MEN!

Lift your spirits aloft, ye toilers, worried and weary;

Hark to the voice that speaks from the luminous lips of the dawn;

See how the shapes of dread depart with their mutterings dreary;

Falsehood and fear depart, for the pall of the night is withdrawn.

Pause in your strifes, O men, in your struggles and toils unavailing;

Pause for a while, and turn your eyes to the sweetness of light;

Ye who are singing for joy, give ear to the souls that are walling;

Ye who are seared by Wrong, come, fly for your healing to Right!

Hark to the angel song, the silvery voice of the morning:

"Peace shall dwell on the earth, and love shall rejoice in the days;

Hate shall fly from the light, with the rumor of strife and of scorning;

Woe's sharp wail shall change to the jubilant music of praise."

Up from your sleep, O brothers, awake from your indolent dreaming!

Rise from your needless bondage, hateful and foul as a grave!

Tear from your wrists the gyves; for the light of God that is streaming

Over the Earth demands that your souls shall be fearless and brave.

Send your hosannas on high; to the Father be Glory and Honor;
And to the Brotherhood Man, let peace and pleasure be born;
Justice shall reign on the Earth, and love shall uplift her high
banner;

This is the voice that speaks from the luminous lips of the
morn.

—D. J. Donahue.

(*Permission Journal of American History.*)

AFTER WAR.

"Above the roar of cannon,
The battle-clamor shrill,
Above men's groans and curses,
A voice cries: 'Peace, be still!
Enough of blood and slaying;
Enough of strife and hate;
The bitter wrong is righted;
Lo! Peace stands at the gate.'

O, Peace! God's white-robed angel,
With spotless skirt and feet,
How welcome thy returning,
Thy gentleness how sweet!
The red sword of the nation
Drive hilt-deep in the sod;
Now twine thy lilies round it
And both shall honor God!"

ODE TO THE WORLD'S FLAG OF PEACE.

(The "Peace Flag" is the flag that was planted on the apex of
the earth by Commodore Robert E. Peary.)

When Peace, from her far heavenly height,
Flung out her banner on the air,
She wove the seven strands of light
In one white beam of beauty there;
And round the standards of all lands,
Emblems of patriots' love and worth,
She set those shining silken bands
To bind together all the earth.

Then hail, all hail, O flag of Peace!
From angry tumult, war and strife,
Prophetic of a sweet release,
And herald of a nobler life!

Then hail, O flag, and hail again!

Where'er thy beams of brightness fall,
Wave tidings of "Good will to men!"

"Peace for all Nations!" Peace for all!

—John Clarence Lee.

(*Permission Journal of American History.*)

SONG—LEAD THOU US ON.

(Tune: "Lead Thou Me On.")

"Lead, glorious Flag, encircled by our love,

Lead thou us on!

Tho' skies grow dark, and stars be hid above,

Lead thou us on!

Keep thou our hearts, our footsteps guard and guide;

In peace with thee may all earth's flags abide!

For thy red stripes heart's blood hath poured like rain;

Yet lead us on!

A million men for thy bright stars were slain;

Yet lead us on!

Lead now to peace, for brighter light appears!

Lead, glorious Flag, thro' all the coming years!"

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

As the rolling waves of the sea,

As the rosy clouds of the dawn,

As the breeze that stirs in the tree,

Or the mist that trails o'er the lawn;

So the soul of man shall be

Free, and forever free.

The hour of wrong is gone;

From its sheath the sword is drawn;

It flashes o'er land and sea;

And the light shall lead us on

To the shrine of Liberty.

Our only bonds shall be

The bonds of faith and love.

The powers of the earth and sea,

And the powers of the air above,

To man and his needs shall be

Free, and forever free.

The hour of wrong is gone;
From its sheath its sword is drawn;
It flashes o'er land and sea;
And the light shall lead us on
To the shrine of Liberty.

—Daniel J. Donahue.

(Permission Journal of American History.)

WHAT THE EIGHTEENTH OF MAY SIGNIFIES.

On the eighteenth of May, 1899, an event took place which will always be remembered as a landmark in the history of mankind. Unlike most of the world-happenings, this occurrence affects equally every civilized nation on the globe, and it is necessary, therefore, that everybody should understand its meaning. The anniversary of this event has already been observed in many countries, and, like Christmas, the eighteenth of May is destined to become a great international day, which will proclaim good will among all men.

Curious as it may seem, it was the Czar of Russia, the ruler of the greatest military country in the world, who brought about this occurrence of world-wide beneficence, whose scene was laid in Holland. In August, 1898, people all over the world were surprised by a letter which the Czar addressed to the nations who were represented at the Russian court. This letter was an invitation to send delegates to a meeting which should consider what could be done to keep nations from going to war with each other. The Czar stated in his letter that, for the best welfare of the world, the nations ought to restrict themselves in the spending of such enormous sums of money for armies and navies.

The Czar had been considering this whole matter for some time. He, however, was not the only ruler who had thought seriously about this condition of affairs, and his invitation to attend a peace conference met with unanimous response. Every government invited, accepted, and this included all the nations of Europe, twenty in number,

four from Asia and two in America—the United States and Mexico.

On account of the unique nature of the conference, the Czar thought it best not to hold it in the capital of any one of the Great Powers, where so many political interests are centered. He felt that this might hinder the work in which all the countries of the world were equally interested. Holland was selected as the country most admirably adapted for such a meeting—the land of grand historic records; the “battlefield of Europe,” as it is sometimes called; but as truly known as the asylum of the world, where the oppressed of every nation have found shelter and encouragement. It was announced to the governments that the queen of the Netherlands would offer hospitality to the conference, and accordingly the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs sent out a formal invitation to the governments to meet at The Hague.

The young queen, who was then only eighteen years old, to show her appreciation of the honor conferred on her country, and of the deep meaning of the conference, placed at its disposal the most beautiful and historical building in the land. And so the conference was held in the widely famed House in the Woods, formerly the summer residence of the royal family, situated in a very beautiful park about a mile from the city. This was a most remarkable gathering, for each nation had sent its greatest statesman. Then, too, it was the first time in the world’s history that a peace conference had been held by the nations.

The results of the first peace conference are far greater than the world ever dreamed of. And perhaps the greatest result of all was the calling of a second peace congress, which was held in 1907, and which included practically every nation of the world.

Perhaps the greatest service which the second peace conference gave to the world was its decision in favor of holding regular conferences. This not only laid the foundation for a Parliament of the Nations, which has been

the dream of poets and statesmen for the past three centuries, but by its vote providing for a third conference, it has really started the most important institution in the interests of the peace of the world. It was Secretary Root who first proposed that the second conference should arrange for the holding of regular ones in the future, and, as the vote was passed, a third peace conference will probably convene in the summer of 1915.—Fannie Fern Andrews.

Through calm and storm the years have led
Our nation on, from stage to stage—
A century's space—until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see where o'er our pathway swept
A torrent stream of blood and fire,
And thank the Guardian Power who kept
Our sacred league of states entire.

Oh, chequered train of years, farewell,
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears!
Yet with us let thy memories dwell,
To warm and teach the coming years.

And thou, the new beginning age,
Warned by the past, and not in vain,
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

